

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

S. M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor

The Bloomfield Record.

An Independent Weekly Newspaper.

Devoted to Local and General News, Choice Family Reading, First-class Advertising.

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Paragraphs.

A man has been arrested for taking things as they come.

A man who could not express his feelings sent them by mail.

The latest name for blonde hair is "the light fantastic tow."

To become peace-makers—Play at football in a crockery shop!

Gov. Peck of Vermont is a bachelor. Marrying would make half a bushel of his wife!"

Bloomlin is going to walk on a rope from the top of the pyramid of Cheops to that of Kephren.

Charles Lamb said of one of his critics, "The more I think of him, the less I think of him."

In his honeymoon calls his wife his saint. B., ten years married, sadly echoes his ain't.

The Duke of Wellington used to call back, "What's left over from the fight yesterday?"

"He provoked me into loving him" was a Rochester girl's excuse for engaging herself to a man whom she had professed to hate.

Rose Hersee lately reappeared after a serious illness, and all London rose to see her. You won't "see" the joke on the first reading.

A citizen of Syracuse has thirteen children, all girls. Syracuse would be a good point for some gate-hinge manufacturer to locate.

We are told that the smallest hair throws a shadow. Of course it does. It throws a shadow over your appetite when you find it in your victuals.

"Poland used be the Hon. Judge Poland." Then he got him to "Judge Poland," then to "Poland," and now "Old Pole, who got so badly waxed."

General Butler says that if the servant girls of Massachusetts were to demand the payment of their wages at once, it would precipitate a financial crisis.

This is the sort of notice an Oregon lecturer gets from his village newspaper: "Colonel Jo. Mead has shouldered his jaw-bone, and will tell the people more than they ever dreamt of about mining."

The famous pretty girls of Providence must beware. The Providence Journal says "this amount of beauty and bank stock which has gone out of this town through marriage is enormous."

A man had better have a millstone tied to his neck and be cast into the sea, than to promise to marry a Texas girl and then refuse. The whole country turns out to hunt him, and he is generally left to grow up with a tree.

A lad who borrowed a dictionary to read, returned it after he got through, with the remark: "it was werry nice reading, but it somehow changed the subject werry often." It was his sister that thought the first ice cream she tasted was a little touched with the frost.

Quebec recently as a bridal party were leaving the French cathedral a heavy snow-slide from the roof fixed them all securely in the sleigh and the vehicle had to be turned over in order to effect their release. The story looks reasonable.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1875.

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DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

WHEN YOU'RE DOWN.

What legions of friends always bless us,

When golden success lights our way!

How they smile as they softly address us,

So cordial, good-natured and gay!

But, oh, when the sun of prosperity

Has set, how quickly they frown,

And cry out in tones of severity,

Kick the man—don't you see he is down?

What though, when you knew not a sorrow,

Your heart was as open as day,

And your friends, when they wanted to borrow,

You'd oblige, and ne'er ask them to pay;

What though not a soul you e'er slighted,

As you wandered about through the town,

Your friends became very near-sighted,

And don't see to see when down.

When you're up, you're loudly exalted,

And traders all sing out your praise;

When you're down, you have greatly devalued,

And they say, "We don't fancy your ways."

Your style was up when you'd money,

So sings every idle and down;

But now—"exceedingly funny—"

Things are altered—"because you're down."

Oh, give me the heart that forever

Is free from the world's selfish rust,

And the soul whose high, noble endeavor

Is not to be dimmed by the dust;

And when it alights upon the ocean,

A victim is likely to drown,

All hail to the friend whose devotion

Will lift up the man when he's "down."

St. Augustine.

A correspondent says: "St. Augustine, from its picturesque situation and historic associations, mingled with its mild temperature, soft sea breezes, and tropical loveliness of vegetation, has already become, and is becoming more and more each year, a fashionable and delightful winter resort for the people of colder latitudes; and with its fine hotels, broad plazas, and the sea wall, which affords a fine promenade, especially beautiful upon a moonlight evening, it indeed merits the name of a 'winter Newport.' Fort Marion, the ancient ecclesiastical, convent, lighthouse, and the streets, narrow and unlike those of any other city in the country, serve to make the city interesting and instructive to the tourist and the pleasure seeker. To describe at length these places of interest would require more time and space than I can give; but a short description of some of the attractions may not be uninteresting. The old cathedral is built of coquina, in the Spanish style of architecture as to its front, and with its chime of bells, arranged in the form of a triangle in the tower, strikes one at once as being the work of a generation long past. The interior seems like that of a modern Catholic church in a great degree. There are, however, two paintings upon its opposite walls, which from their conception and execution strike one strangely, not to say ludicrously. One of them, entitled 'The Dying Sinner,' represents a man lying upon a couch with a devil at his head and other demons in different attitudes around him, a table by his bedside strewn with a pack of cards and with a bottle labelled 'good whiskey' upon it, and other tokens of the life the sinner is supposed to have been leading. The other picture, 'The Dying Saint,' is in direct contrast to the former, the places occupied by demons being supplied by angels, and the surroundings being such as would show the mode of life of a good man. Of the streets of the city it can only be said that many of them are so narrow that one can almost shake hands with his opposite neighbor from their overhanging balconies; that there are, of course, no sidewalks, and that the houses are made of wood or of coquina (a formation of shells which takes the place of stone in this part of the country). The only square in the city of any size is the 'Plaza de la Constitucion,' in the centre of which is an obelisk erected by the Spanish in 1813. St. Augustine possesses a number of fine houses, most of them the winter residences of Northern men. Sailing and fishing, pronenading upon the sea-wall and in the fort, are the main amusements of the visitors here, although a drive upon the shell road forms one of the features of the place."

And which do you love best, Gerald?

No!"

"Well, I feel like a widower who was married again."

"My heart's a little superstitious jump."

"Like a widower who was married again, Gerald?"

"Yes, I can remember my first wife—brilliant, thoughtful child—without an idea beyond the gratification of present whims—a spoiled plaything! Well, that little Madeline has vanished away into the past somewhere; she has gone away to return no more, and in her stead I behold my second wife, the first or the second wife?"

"I think the trials and vicissitudes through which we have just passed are welcome indeed; since they have brought me, as their harvest fruits, the priceless treasure of my second wife."

That was what Gerald answered me, the sweetest words that ever fell upon my ear.

Masters and Man.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* says: "A pair of

fashionable young gentlemen went calling on New Year's. This is nothing unusual. But

these gentlemen determined to call in style,

and it was this that caused a misapprehension

so to speak. They had a fine turnout, that

is to say a pair of good horses, a handsome

carriage, and a driver and footman hand-

somely dressed. These gentlemen were col-

ored. The business of the driver was to

take care of the horses, of the footman to

deliver the cards of those who occupied the

carried on the inside. Stopping at a fashion-

able residence, the footman took the

cards and rang the bell. The door was open-

ed by a colored person. Mr. footman inquired

if the young ladies were receiving.

"No," was the answer. Mr. footman then

delivered the cards, which were refused, and the

door was closed in his face. The case was

reported to the principals in the carriage,

who considered it a queer case, but did not

stop to investigate. Subsequently it was

ascertained that several charming young

ladies were "receiving," but the doorman

took the footman as the principal, and con-

sidering that the ladies were not "receiving"

gentlemen of that color, made answer as

above described, and even refused to permit

the cards to be deposited on the silver plate

which he carried in his hand. He was over-